# A BREEZE IN THE HOUSE.

*MARCH COMES INTO CONGRESS LIKE A LION.*

**A Few Hours of Stormy Legislation—Mr. McKinley's Speech—Gen. Weaver Strikes the House Like a Blast from the Cave of Eolus—How the Trusts Suffered!—Samuel Jackson Randall on his Feet for a Speech.**

WASHINGTON, March 8.—The first Tariff breeze in the House of Representatives was felt on March 1. The month came in like a lion, but whether it will go out like a lamb remains to be seen. It was a good, strong wind, with a tempestuous tendency. There was a whistling in oak boughs, a bending of willows, a shaking of at least one Reed, and a quivering of aspen leaves. The morn opened fair and bright, with Sunset Cox in the Speaker's chair. There was no indication of trouble in the atmosphere. The usual rustling of silks in the galleries was heard, and the members sauntered about the House perfectly at ease. A lengthy prayer by the Rev. William Brush failed to stir their blood. A droning reading of the journal followed. Then letters from the Secretaries of War and of the Treasury were read, and a few Senate bills were referred. Next came a shower of questions of privilege. Mr. Dibble objected to the use of a verb in the *Congressional Record*, where a noun was plainly in order. Silver Dollar Bland had a little fault to find with the Committee on Coinage, Weights, and Measures. Pig Iron Kelley pounded the correspondent of the *Boston Globe* because there was no partition between the cells of his memory and of his imagination. Watch Dog Holman, under cover of a question of privilege, fired thirty-one land bills into the House, and then blandly moved to lay them on the table. He afterward substituted a bill for the whole batch, and had that bill referred back to his committee. Next two members asked for leave of absence on account of important business—possibly in the United States Supreme Court. Then Messrs. Clardy and Matson tried to get the House to set the time for picnics on bills from the Commerce and Pension Committees.

During all this time a handsome, sharp-eyed gentleman, with a snowy moustache and straight, iron-gray hair, sat in the centre of the Democratic side of the House, trotting his left leg. His cuffs were hidden by his coat sleeves. He scratched and rubbed his head and tectered backward and forward in his chair. He was the Hon. Roger Q. Mills of Texas, the Democratic leader of the House by virtue of his office as Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means. At times he patted his desk. He raised his eyebrows when Pig Iron Kelley began to pound the reporter, and corrugated his forehead when Watch Dog Holman made his public land coup. At times he put his hand to his ears to hear what was going on. Once or twice he arose to his feet, and tried to catch the eye of Sunset Cox. At the third effort he remained on his feet until recognized. Then he moved that the House resolve itself into Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union, for the consideration of the bill providing for the purchase of United States bonds by the Secretary of the Treasury.

The music of the coming breeze was heard when the Speaker pro tem. called the Hon. Julius Cæsar Burrows to the chair. It was the first time that this courtesy had been shown a Republican since the Forty-eighth Congress. Burrows, like Julius Cæsar, is of remarkably fine appearance. He has an intellectual face, broad shoulders, blue eyes, a full beard, a clear complexion, and a Michigan nonchalance. He wears a snuff-colored coat with creased tails. He hesitated a moment, as if distrustful of his ears, and then arose and walked to the Speaker's desk. No workman on the big pipes ever moved with more deliberation. The ex-Minister to Turkey presented the gavel like a man drawing a revolver. Julius Cæsar received it gracefully, and whacked the desk with characteristic energy.

Meantime the breeze began to play among the trees and foam appeared upon the waters of Sedition. Mr. Mills broke cover by intimating that the passage of the bill was necessary to settle the conscientious scruples of the Secretary of the Treasury. Then he yielded an indefinite amount of time to Mr. McKinley of Ohio, whom he called his "colleague on the Committee of Ways and Means."

A thick-set man with sunken eyes, a smooth face, and dark hair arose away off on the left of the Speaker. He spoke without notes. His rock coat was buttoned to the chin. At a distance he looked like the Rev. Dr. Edward McIlvaine. His voice was as clear as a bell. It penetrated to every part of the chamber. The breeze freshened, and its cooling influence began to be felt on the Democratic side of the House. Those in the galleries sat spellbound. All the members faced the orator. Every eye was upon him, and every ear turned toward him. It was a telling speech, made more telling by the dispassionate manner of its delivery. It mildewed the conscientious scruples of the Secretary of the Treasury, and more than dampened the backs of the supporters of the Administration. The cool wind gave place to a strong breeze, scaling in blistering. Mr. McKinley closed his speech by insinuating that the President had purposely piled up the surplus in the Treasury, and afterward threatened disaster and financial ruin if the tariff duties were not reduced. In compactness, clearness, and diction it was the best speech thus far delivered in the House.

The Buckeye orator had hardly taken his seat when Mr. Mills gave half an hour to Gen. Weaver of Iowa. Weaver struck the House like a blast from the Cave of Eolus. He is a tall, handsome man, with a flowing gray moustache and a commanding presence. The wind freshened until its music was heard in the corridors outside. A further rustling of silks was heard in the galleries, and every seat was filled. The bright ribbons and variegated hats adorning the section reserved for the families of members presented a strange contrast to the ebon faces of the negroes dotting the space reserved for men. Weaver was on his mettle. It was the first chance that he had had at the Fiftieth Congress, and he improved it. He chilled the blood of his fair hearers when he said that the "country is now within the grasp of a gigantic, cold-blooded money trust." The negroes started when he said that the trust "had built our financial structure to suit the cupidity of the usurer, and to administer to the devouring appetite of money ghouls." Honest Dennis Kearney, who had prodrupted the diplomatic reservation, slapped his thigh with approval when the General said that the trust had made our financial system "a snare, a delusion, and a rack of torture to the producers, and a bed of quicksand to business energy and honest thrift." But the great sand lot agitator twisted like a dervish when he heard Weaver roar out: "Fifty or more national banks have been literally stuffed with Government money for the past quarter of a century—money wrung from the people by unjust legislation, and loaned back by the banks to the poor wretches from whom it was extorted."

It was at this point in Mr. Weaver's speech that the wind blew a gale. Hats were blown off and sunshades carried skyward by the orator's figures. He said that ex-Secretary of the Treasury McCulloch had $100,000 of the public money in his bank; ex-Comptroller of the Currency Cannon had $1,100,000 in his hands. The First National Bank of New York was not doing as well as it did when John Sherman was Secretary of the Treasury. Then, with a capital of less than a quarter of a million, it was caught with $43,000,000 of the public money in its vaults. To-day it had only $1,100,000. Ex-Comptroller John J. Knox had $930,000 of the people's money in his bank. Ex-Postmaster-General Creswell had $165,000, and ex-Treasurer Jordan had $1,000,000 sent to his depository by Secretary Fairchild. The Standard Oil Company had $680,000 of Government money in its banks, and its earnings were in proportion. "These trusts," continued Mr. Weaver, to the great delight of Denis Kearney and to the horror of the negroes, "are choking the very life out of the people, and are using the people's money to oppress them. It is a public outrage and a villainous shame!"

When the gale was at its height a score of petrels began to scream, but Weaver bore no interruption, and declined to yield the floor. He closed in a tornado of eloquence. The excitement of his hearers had hardly found relief when a big-browed, burly gentleman, with a face like Horace Greeley and a shirt front like Joseph Howard, Jr., stilled the storm. He was the Reed shaken by the wind. The breeze came from the East while he was talking. He made a pungent speech, filled with logic and sprinkled with sarcasm. Its point, however, was a repetition of the charge of McKinley, that "the present financial condition of the country was a part of the conspiracy against protection." The ladies seemed especially pleased with Mr. Reed's speech. His elegance of diction, his broad Yankee accent, and his fascinating manner irresistibly attracted them. The great leader blushed with becoming modesty on receiving hearty applause from both floor and gallery.

Then came the speech of the day. The wind had blown from the East and the West. It was succeeded by a rattling breeze from the South. There was the scent of orange blossoms in its breath, and it wafted the music of mocking birds and orioles to the ears of the listeners. A silvery-headed man, with a moustache and beard even more silvery, took the field on behalf of the Democracy. He came from the district once represented by Henry Clay. He was the eloquent Breckinridge of Kentucky. Commanding in figure, neat in dress, graceful in manner, and ornate in speech, he awoke the interest of the listeners anew. He stood in a side aisle, away back toward the screens, with buttoned coat. His right hand was thrust in his breast. The other hung by the thumb from the pocket of his trousers. It was a broad speech from a broad basis. As he warmed in his argument he spread out both hands, and used his right index finger in emphasis. So deftly did he weave his cloth of gold that all were pleased. Applause on the Democratic side was followed by applause from the Republicans. The orator became more fervid. His head shook from side to side in the intensity of his utterances. At one moment his left hand was behind his back, while his right quivered responsively to his voice. In the heat of his argument he advanced down the aisle with vigorous gesture. Then he stepped and toyed with the button of his coat while unravelling a skein of sophistry. After using his left index finger in strengthening an argument, both hands described the arc of a circle in forcing his conclusion upon his hearers. Oftimes he threw his palms from his breast. Then he stooped and cast his body forward in emotional earnestness. There was no shouting and nothing boisterous. His enunciation was almost perfect, and his notes were as clear as the notes of a bugle. The only defect, if defect it was, was the pronunciation of the word "too." Like Mr. Herbert of Alabama and other Southerners, he said "toe." His face finally reddened with his exertions, and his handkerchief was freely used. The interest of the House in his speech was quickly made manifest. As he advanced down the aisle Republicans gathered in a knot in the space nearly fronting the speaker. McKinley, Hiestand, Moffitt, Farquhar, and others were among them. Tom Reed remained standing, apparently lost in wonderment. Weaver sat behind Breckinridge, with his hands to his ears, and Holman, Randall, McMillan, White, Wilber, Sayres, and Buckalew were scattered in the seats near by, open-eyed and open-eared.

This breeze from the South purified the atmosphere. No blight nor mildew was left in its train. Pig Iron Kelley tried to answer Breckinridge but did not hold the attention of the House. He waved the old ensanguined shirt, got lost in the tobacco fields of the South, and finally landed on a pile of Bessemer rails. "We made in 1887 more than half the steel that was made on God's footstool," he said.

At this Breckinridge arose. "How much does my venerable friend say the half of the steel was?" he asked.

Mr. Kelley, however, was not nonplussed. With characteristic readiness he said: "Oh! that is a beautiful pun. That is a sweet play upon a word, and if there were a prohibitory duty on the flowers of rhetoric my friend from Kentucky would have much cause to complain."

Sam Randall continued the debate. He wore a low cut waistcoat, an open frock coat, dark trousers, and a pair of spectacles. His cuffs and turn-down collar were especially conspicuous. The collar was held in place by a butterfly tie with a rubber spring. The wings covered its points, and his speech indicated that they were ready to "flap together." Mr. Randall sailed through a very narrow strait, avoiding the whirlpool of Charybdis and the rocks of Scylla. He struck bottom once or twice, but finally got out in the open sea with a beautiful breeze. With topsail and jib set, he made good time and was a sight to charm a political mariner.

Gen. Hooker of Mississippi was the next orator. He picked up what few arguments there were left lying around loose, bunched them in a masterly manner, and heaved them over on the Republican side of the chamber. One or two fellows were wounded, but no further damage was done.

Such was the first tariff debate of the session. It was breezy and delightful, but it is hardly indicative of what is to follow. The sky is lowering. Black clouds, with sulphurous rims, are gathering in the Northwest, and there are some indications of a cyclone. Shrewd Congressmen are paying attention to their "dugouts," while others are sitting on verandas smoking cigars and sipping wine, and apparently unmindful of the fate that may eventually overtake them. AMOS J. CUMMINGS.

*ON THE PLEASURES OF HERESY.*

**What the Rev. Mr. Pentecost Tells his Little Daughter About the Hereafter.**

The Rev. Hugh O. Pentecost talked to his big congregation in the Masonic Temple yesterday morning on "Heresy." Heresy, he said, was not necessarily truth or necessarily error; it was simply the opinion of the minority. When the heretic got the majority on his side he was orthodox.

"To-day," said Mr. Pentecost, "the heresy of one locality is the orthodoxy of another, even in the same religious denomination. Heber Newton (great applause)—and you may well applaud his name—is orthodox simply because he politely desisted from continuing a course of lectures which his Bishop, a man of rare intelligence, liberality, and toleration, didn't want him to continue. He didn't throw the last straw which would have broken the back of ecclesiastical patience—that's all.

"It takes some courage for a man to abandon his social position, to put his wife and children in the possibility of penury, to endure the coldness and the scorn of his old friends, to pass days and weeks of mental anguish which are worse than death, and say, 'I will be a heretic.' The religious press denounces him, and the press which is not religious jeers at him because it pleases their orthodox readers. Yet there never was such a sublime and hopeful irreverence for tradition as to-day.

"A Yale theological student writes to ask me if he shall 'abandon his faith and follow me into a labyrinth of nonsense.' I say to him, 'Don't abandon your faith. Have a fixed belief, but question it all the while. Strive to discover if it really is the eternal truth, and don't hold it simply because you inherited it at your mother's knees and she believed it, and a long line of ancestors believed it, and the Church declares that it is a great and wonderful mystery.'"

Mr. Pentecost said that in teaching his little girl about the Bible he told her that what was true in the Bible was inspired, and what was not true there was not inspired, and that the way of finding out what was true and what was not was by investigation and the use of reason. If God wrote the Bible, an investigation would demonstrate it.

"When my little girl," said Mr. Pentecost, "asks me about death and the other world, I tell her I don't know anything about it, but that I hope we will all meet there, and that I sometimes think we won't go very far away. I don't know, and don't want to know, any more about God than I do. I see and feel Him in the sum total of all things of which I am a part. He is the all in all, and as such He is more to me than the savage chieftain of the Old Testament or the cruel and hateful tyrant of theology. The old ways are being swept out in this time, and the old things are giving place to new things. I tell you the time is coming when lower Broadway will be no place for a graveyard."

Mr. Pentecost said, in concluding, that he understood that in two Methodist churches in Newark recently prayers had been offered up for his lost soul, and that one sweet-spirited Methodist had said, boldly, that he ought to be shot. Nevertheless, the last two months in which he had been free from the grave clothes of conformity had been more to him than all the years of his previous ministry.

*HOG ISLAND BECOMES SEDGEMERE.*

**Work on the New York Athletic Club House There Begins To-day.**

The New York Athletic Club is going to have a summer house that bids fair to attract all the gentlemen of sporting tastes in New York city. Hog Island that was has become the property of the club, and, under the more pleasing title of Sedgemere, will be transformed into a sportsman's paradise. It is in the Sound near New Rochelle, and is peculiarly adapted for the club's purposes. It is a quarter of a mile wide at the broadest point and a half mile long. Glen Island is on one side and the mainland on the other, and the stretch of smooth water on each side is splendidly adapted for a race course. Work has already been begun on a walking and race track similar to that at Mott Haven, on which there will be five laps to the mile. There will also be cricket, base ball, and football grounds, shooting galleries, bowling alleys, tennis courts, and bath and boat houses. There are two handsome houses on the island already, fitted up with baths and all modern conveniences, which will accommodate fully seventy of the club's members. They will serve until the new Queen Anne Club house is built. The plans call for a house 120 feet in length, to be surrounded by a piazza 16 feet wide. It will face the southeast, and thus get the benefit of all the summer breezes. It will be two stories high, and equipped with all the luxuries of a modern athletic club. Contractor Crimmins will begin work on it to-day.

**Pranks with the Camera.**

*From the Springfield Republican.*

The amateur photographers of Boston are taking more interest than ever in their occupation, and are having a great deal of new fun in it since the introduction of the magnesium light. Some of the young experimenters have succeeded in producing photographs which, though not wholly successful from an artistic standpoint, are rather startling to the persons photographed, and not such as they care to have exhibited outside of limited circles. Evening, of course, is the time for making these magnesium pictures. Having arranged his sitter and taken the focus by gaslight, the operator turns out the gas. He has the magnesium in powdered form on a shovel, and when he gets ready, without any signal, he touches a match to the magnesium and at the same time removes the cap from his lens.

The favorite way of trying this is on a group of the operator's friends, young men and young women of assorted relations. When developed, the picture usually shows that the group were not exactly ready to be taken, and the expressions of some of the faces as caught in a state of suspended animation are embarrassing to the victims and ludicrous to everybody else. In many cases there appears a sudden checked attempt to snatch a kiss in the dark, and in others nothing more pronounced than the movement of a hand and arm to steal around a willing waist has been stopped by the abrupt flash. Some faces show an idiotic surprise at the sudden light and others are caught in laughable posings to get themselves ready.

# CUSTOM HOUSE GOSSIP.

*ROLL OF THE REPUBLICAN ARMY STILL FED THERE.*

**It Costs Nearly $400,000 a Year to Garrison the Democratic Citadel with the Enemy—A Gracious Privilege that is Given to Gray-headed Democrats.**

A few copies of the new "Laws, rules, and regulations for improving the executive civil service," which went into effect on March 1, have reached the Custom House. It looks as if the Civil Service Commissioners at Washington were either short of funds or were not particularly anxious to disseminate these latest apologies for the existence of the Commissioners. Secretary John H. Mason's copy of the rules is practically chained to his desk, and all persons are warned against removing the precious volume from the room. It may be stated that up to Saturday evening the copy had been perfectly safe. Collector Magone has a few copies under lock and key. He and Mr. Mason have given many of their odd moments to an attempt to decipher the very latest commands of the Commissioners, but after a dozen days of careful scrutiny these rules to improve the civil service throw out only one ray of hope to Democrats. All the other amendments cement more closely the walls that have kept Democrats from enjoying their heritage in the Custom House. The one bright ray spoken of is the abrogation of the age limitation. Under the old rule no person over 45 years old had the felicitous privilege of telling whether Hottentots like pickles or whether the Mississippi runs up or down stream in order to gain a substantial recognition from his party. The exceptions to this rule were persons honorably discharged from the army and navy. That clause was for the G. A. R. first, last, and all the time. The Custom House for twenty years has been jammed with G. A. R. men, all Republicans. The soldier Democrats, no matter what their ills, woes, and wounds, were not welcomed, less appointed to lucrative places. The Commissioners have destroyed the barriers that surrounded the age limitation and have graciously decided that silver-haired Democrats who for the last thirty years have borne all the trials and tribulations and defeats may present themselves and ask for a set of examination papers. As the rule now stands any Democrat from 21 years old to 1,000 may have this chance.

The other changes in the rules are not so comforting. The clause headed "Exceptions from examination in the classified custom service" is flatly described as a blow at the Democrats. It decreases very largely the number of those excepted from civil service examinations, and also enhances the power of the Commissioners.

Another rule does away with the fractional marking of applicants and sets up a time system. For instance, heretofore an applicant who got 88.60 stood higher on the eligible list than an applicant who was marked 88.55, and was appointed sometimes before the 88.55 man. Under the new rule both will be marked 89, and, as between these two, the one who applied first for examination papers will get the place. The two may have applied on the same day for papers, but the time which was marked on the application tells who is entitled to precedence.

One of these problems set forth in the new rules is about storekeepers. They must now be classed as clerks, and vacancies must be filled by assignment. After much consideration, the Collector has decided that Democrats who examinations for storekeepers must be considered void, and that he can only promote clerks to be storekeepers.

Applicants must now average not less than 70 per cent. in an examination, instead of 65 per cent. The comment on this rule is that the recent examinations of Democrats have shown that their average has been in the neighborhood of 90 per cent., and that a 70 per cent. man has little or no chance for a place.

The eligible lists to be furnished to the Collector, from which to make appointments, must contain only three names instead of four. Under the old rule it was necessary for him to select one of the four for the place. Under the new rule the Collector can reject all three names, but he must state his reasons for so doing to the august Commissioners, and they are to decide whether the Collector's idea of Civil Service Reform in New York can safely be intrusted with three more chances.

The Republicans in the Custom House need not tighten their grips on their pocketbooks when the campaign opens. The new rules say anybody who assesses them shall be dismissed from office. They covet only peculiarly happy places. Democrats on the outside contribute shekels and these Republicans have the places.

This is the list of vacant places at the moment: 1 entry clerk in Deputy Collector Rockwell's division, $2,200; 1 clerkship in Deputy Collector Davis's division, $1,600 each; 1 clerkship in Emanuel B. Hart's division, $1,600; 1 chief imposting clerk in Deputy Collector Creed's division, $2,000; 4 clerkships in Collector Magone's correspondence room, $1,000 each; and these in Surveyor Beattie's department: 12 day inspectors at $4 a day; 4 night inspectors at $3; 28 assistant weighers at $4; 1 woman inspector at $3; 3 assistant gaugers at $4, and 1 weigher's janitor at $2 a day. Total, 59.

The recent civil service examinations were: Nov. 30, 1887, opening and packers, 100 applicants; Dec. 7, 1887, day inspectors, 431 applicants; Dec. 20, 1887, for promotion of clerks in the Surveyor's office to class 3 ($1,600), 5 applicants; Jan. 6, 1888, for promotion of clerks in Collector's office to class 4 ($1,800), 20 applicants; Jan. 11, for assistant weighers, 51 applicants; Jan. 26, for promotion of clerks in the Surveyor's office to class 4 ($1,800), 9 applicants; Feb. 1, women inspectors, 85 applicants; Feb. 4, for promotion of clerks in the Collector's office to class 3 ($1,600), 35 applicants; Feb. 7, night inspectors, 219 applicants; Feb. 5, for appointment to $1,000 clerkships, 272 applicants.

The eligible lists ready from which appointments can be made are as follows: Day inspectors, promotion of clerks in the Surveyor's office to $1,600 places; for promotion of clerks in the Collector's office to $1,600 places; assistant weighers, for promotion of clerks in the Surveyor's office to $1,800 places; women inspector (there is one vacancy caused by the resignation of Mrs. Steele, Roscoe Conkling's sister), and clerks for $1,000 places.

**The List of Referees.**

The following referees were appointed in cases in the State courts in this city last week:

SUPREME COURT.

*By Judge O'Brien.*

| *Cases.* | *Referees.* |
|---|---|
| Morrison agt. Spingarn | Wm J. Campbell. |
| Duncan agt. Day | Natt A. Prentiss. |
| Anderson agt. Anderson, &c. | Wm N. Armstrong. |
| Miller agt. Daly | N. A. Prentiss. |
| Brown agt. Hane | L. H. Arnold, Jr. |
| Clark agt. Clark | Frederick Smyth. |
| Van Reinsselaer agt. Bull | Wm. Irwin. |
| Pitts agt. Van Hevnigen | John H. Hicks. |
| Ross agt. McCallum | Sidney J. Cowen. |
| Foster agt. Badger | John Dimon. |
| Morgan agt. Bartlett | Wm. V. Leary. |
| Cowen agt. Dunken | P. J. Joachimsen. |
| Davenport agt. Jarvis, Jr. | Lewis J. Conlan. |
| Howard agt. Franklyn | John Delahunty. |
| Ross agt. Bird | Wm. S. Kelley. |
| Miller agt. Daly | Alfred J. Walker. |
| Westburn & Moen M'f'g Co. agt. Court | G. P. Hawes. |
| Clark agt. Jarvis Jr. | Lewis J. Conlan. |
| Smith agt. Phillips | R. H. Clarke. |
| Aiken agt. Niles | Richard M. Henry. |
| Matter of Stuart | R. W. Todd. |
| Knight agt. De Forest | Thomas R. Clarkson. |
| Whitlinger agt. White | John Shoal. |
| Gallaway agt. *Ralph Daily Eagle* | Francis Devlin. |
| Potter agt. Potter | Wm. E. Stillings. |
| Burans agt. Burans | Eo. J. Dunphy. |
| Isaacs agt. Baum | Granville P. Hawes. |
| Matter of United States, &c. | S. W. Kneeland. |
| Raynor agt. Taylor | Wm H. Ricketts. |
| *Presbyterian Hospital* agt. Pruger | T. C. P. Crain. |
| Smith agt. Wittle | Edgar Logan. |
| Gallaway agt. Butler | Francis Devlin. |
| Matter of Niven Petroleum Co. | Reber E. Devo. |
| Gallagher agt. Dunlap | George L. Sterling. |
| Adams agt. Glass | Charles D. Metz. |

*By Judge Lawrence.*

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| Matter of Wolf | Eugene Durnin. |
| Smith agt. Phillips | R. H. Clark. |
| Hatcher agt. Hatcher | Peter Mitchell. |
| May agt. May | Louis Dusse. |
| Chamberlain agt. Lewis | Samuel J. Goldsmith. |
| Epstein agt. Farnum | Ernest Hall. |
| Jacobsen agt. Moinet | George E. Howell. |
| Von Kechler agt. Von Kechler | Lorenz Zeller. |

*By Judge Barrett.*

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| Whitney agt. Ware | Edward C. Perkins. |
| Knentzel agt. Silbermann | Charles Goldsier. |
| Noll agt. Hassell | Elliott Sandford. |
| Egler agt. Reubel | Hiram Ketchum. |

*By Judge Patterson.*

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| Withpen agt. Withpen | Roderick F. Farrell. |
| Degraw agt. Ludden | G. Warren Greene. |
| Burchell agt. Osborne | Chas. H. Daniels. |

*Commissioners.*

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| Matter of Stewart | Wm. Irwin and Dr George W. Fowler. |

*By Judge Ingraham.*

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| Gibbons agt. De Saxe | Eugene S. Ives. |
| Lord agt. Atkinson | Augustus C. Brown. |

*By Judge Andrews.*

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| Ebbetts agt. New | Wm. N. Armstrong. |

SUPERIOR COURT.

*By Judge O'Gorman.*

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| Hutchinson agt. Chapman | George A. Halsey. |
| Happel agt. Happel | Wilbur Larremore. |
| Schulie agt. Mowbray | Gilbert M. Speir. |

COMMON PLEAS.

*By Judge Allen.*

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| Peine agt. Casey | John S. Derby. |
| Keogh agt. Andrews | Livingston. |
| Fiencke agt. Muller | Richard M. Henry. |
| The Mayor agt. Goldman | Gilbert M. Speir. Jr. |
| Bowery Saving Institution agt. Spaulding | Macgrane Coxe. |

*By Judge Bookstaver.*

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| Merritt agt. Cohen | Nelson Smith. |
| Matter of McNeill | Theo F. Bascall. |

**Royal Baking Powder. Absolutely Pure.** For twenty-five years the standard.—*Adv.*

**Praise.**
Allcock's Porous Plasters gain
The praise of all, for they remain
The greatest cure for ache and pain.—*Adv.*

Hastie, $1,800; William H. Morris, $1,600; Thomas L. Culver, $1,600; William Masten, $1,600; Eugene Van Valkenburg, $1,600; Theodosius McLeod, $1,800; and Edgar T. Humpfrey, $1,600. In addition, 160 of the staff of 310 day inspectors are Republicans, and 50 of the staff of 110 night inspectors are Republicans.

The naval office under Mugwump Silas W. Burt—$8,000 a year—is considered beyond redemption, as, of the 90 men employed therein, 90 per cent. are men of the Republican-Mugwump stripe. Mugwump Couch is Comptroller at $5,000 a year, and Mugwump John M. Comstock is Auditor at $3,500.

It is shown by actual computation that the salaries paid to Republicans in the Custom House as the foregoing lists aggregate $216,920 a year, and it is known that the Republicans not here named in the Fourth or Cashier Taylor's division, Gen. Williams's division, additional Republicans in Col. Jones's division, Emanuel E. Hart's division, Deputy Collector Creed's division, and Surveyor Beattie's staff of day and night inspectors get enough more to swell the amount paid out to the enemies of the Democratic party in the Custom House to nearly $400,000 a year.

The amount corralled by Mugwump Burt and his brethren in the Naval Office is not included in this $400,000. A reasonable estimate is that they get $135,000 more.

*THE DIGNITY OF MANUAL LABOR.*

**Sermon by the Rev. Mr. Collyer on the Nobility and Worth of the Workman.**

The Rev. Robert Collyer talked yesterday in the pulpit in the Church of the Messiah at Park avenue and Thirty-fourth street on "The Workingman," and had much to say about the dignity and worth of manual toil. He said that the Bible was the workingman's book of heraldry, and viewed the workingman as the bed rock of all civilization. The good book made evident the grand and wholesome truth that the world first began to grow fit to live in happily when God raised up men as workmen to cultivate the earth, and to maintain it as a beautiful garden. The Bible, Mr. Collyer continued, did not record the existence in old days of doors that swelled and warped with every change of the weather. These were modern innovations. The Bible did not say of the men who made chairs that fell apart and let their owners down upon the floor. "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." The Bible exalted the honest workingman always, and the Saviour, in selecting those whom He needed to carry the messages of salvation to men, selected the humblest toilers He could find. It was a Divine tribute to the worth of honest toil.

Mr. Collyer said that he considered the tiny chip that pointed the glazier's diamond of more real worth than the priceless koh-i-noor that lay in splendid idleness in England, and he always believed, and was never ashamed to say so, that the mason who, on his week days, put up a good, straight wall, was a more valuable man to society than the preacher who on Sundays preached a poor and crooked sermon, and accordingly deserved better pay for his work.

Mr. Collyer said further that while workingmen must forever remain the foundation of a good social system, they will be ruined just as they were in the old days when the Philistines carried off the craftsmen of Israel, if they became the prey of the corporations, the labor agitators, or the walking delegates. Of corporations Mr. Collyer said he did not wish to speak further than to say that in the great struggle in the West the railroad corporation appeared to him to be in the right this time and the men unreasonable in their demands. What he did want to say was that to prevent America from experiencing the disaster that overcame Israel, when all her good craftsmen were carried off by the enemy, a new faith must be sown in our workingmen's hearts—a faith in themselves and their employers, and in God. Employers, on their side, must blot out the existing division between the workman who toils with his hands and the capitalist who toils with his brain, and do something to prove that the capitalist has doubled the wealth of his employers by a bond between heart and heart and not purse and pocket. Something should be done, too, to root out a false condition that is eating into our American manhood like a cancer, and which makes the rich man send to Yale or Harvard to prove over Greek and Latin and the classics the lad who is of a mechanical turn and naturally fitted to be a mechanic. The result of all this nowadays is that the college keeps turning out into useless mechanical doctors and lawyers and clergymen men who, properly trained, would have made notable artisans. This evil is attributable to an absurd notion of the time that there is something degrading in manual labor. When that idea is rooted out, society will be the better for it.

*JEWISH MINISTERS IN SESSION.*

**Biennial Convention of the Theological Seminary Association.**

The biennial convention of the Jewish Theological Seminary Association was held in Cooper Institute yesterday afternoon. The association was organized two years ago by representatives of congregations in various cities to establish a seminary to train Jewish ministers according to the ancient forms and traditions. Such a seminary was established on Jan. 2, 1887, at Lyric Hall in this city, and in October moved to its present quarters in Cooper Union. Sixteen students are now in attendance. The officers of the society are the Rev. Dr. Drachman and the Rev. Dr. Lieberman. The Rev. Sabato Morais, LL.D., of Philadelphia, is President of the faculty.

The Convention was called to order by President Joseph Blumenthal of the Board of Trustees, who said that $5,000 will be needed to pay the expenses of the ensuing year. He said:

The self-governing principles embodied in our American institutions are as dear to us Israelites as they are to those of all other creeds, and we should therefore try to imbue our pupils with a genuine patriotic spirit. What lies before us is to train young men, who will be Americans, scholars, tolerant and courteous gentlemen, with the firm purpose of acknowledging and vindicating the validity of the law. It does not come within our province to fight doctrinal, sectarian battles. It is on this high and broad ground that we stand, and appeal to the American Jewish community for support."

Twenty-five delegates were present, among whom were the Rev. Dr. Morais, S. M. Hyneman, E. L. Rothschild, Dr. S. Solis-Cohen, Mr. M. J. Asch, and the Hon. Emanuel Furth of Philadelphia; the Rev. Dr. Schneeburger and Dr. Friedenwald of Baltimore; Joseph Blumenthal, J. E. Newburger, D. Piza, the Rev. Dr. F. de Sola Mendes, the Rev. Dr. H. Pereira Mendes, J. Fles, and M. J. Lewin of New York.

**The List of Referees.**

The following referees were appointed in cases in the State courts in this city last week:

SUPREME COURT.

*By Judge O'Brien.*

| *Cases.* | *Referees.* |
|---|---|
| Morrison agt. Spingarn | Wm J. Campbell. |
| Duncan agt. Day | Natt A. Prentiss. |
| Anderson agt. Anderson, &c. | Wm N. Armstrong. |
| Miller agt. Daly | N. A. Prentiss. |
| Brown agt. Hane | L. H. Arnold, Jr. |
| Clark agt. Clark | Frederick Smyth. |
| Van Reinsselaer agt. Bull | Wm. Irwin. |
| Pitts agt. Van Hevnigen | John H. Hicks. |
| Ross agt. McCallum | Sidney J. Cowen. |
| Foster agt. Badger | John Dimon. |
| Morgan agt. Bartlett | Wm. V. Leary. |
| Cowen agt. Dunken | P. J. Joachimsen. |
| Davenport agt. Jarvis, Jr. | Lewis J. Conlan. |
| Howard agt. Franklyn | John Delahunty. |
| Ross agt. Bird | Wm. S. Kelley. |
| Miller agt. Daly | Alfred J. Walker. |
| Westburn & Moen M'f'g Co. agt. Court | G. P. Hawes. |
| Clark agt. Jarvis Jr. | Lewis J. Conlan. |
| Smith agt. Phillips | R. H. Clarke. |
| Aiken agt. Niles | Richard M. Henry. |
| Matter of Stuart | R. W. Todd. |
| Knight agt. De Forest | Thomas R. Clarkson. |
| Whitlinger agt. White | John Shoal. |
| Gallaway agt. *Ralph Daily Eagle* | Francis Devlin. |
| Potter agt. Potter | Wm. E. Stillings. |
| Burans agt. Burans | Eo. J. Dunphy. |
| Isaacs agt. Baum | Granville P. Hawes. |
| Matter of United States, &c. | S. W. Kneeland. |
| Raynor agt. Taylor | Wm H. Ricketts. |
| *Presbyterian Hospital* agt. Pruger | T. C. P. Crain. |
| Smith agt. Wittle | Edgar Logan. |
| Gallaway agt. Butler | Francis Devlin. |
| Matter of Niven Petroleum Co. | Reber E. Devo. |
| Gallagher agt. Dunlap | George L. Sterling. |
| Adams agt. Glass | Charles D. Metz. |

*By Judge Lawrence.*

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| Matter of Wolf | Eugene Durnin. |
| Smith agt. Phillips | R. H. Clark. |
| Hatcher agt. Hatcher | Peter Mitchell. |
| May agt. May | Louis Dusse. |
| Chamberlain agt. Lewis | Samuel J. Goldsmith. |
| Epstein agt. Farnum | Ernest Hall. |
| Jacobsen agt. Moinet | George E. Howell. |
| Von Kechler agt. Von Kechler | Lorenz Zeller. |

*By Judge Barrett.*

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| Whitney agt. Ware | Edward C. Perkins. |
| Knentzel agt. Silbermann | Charles Goldsier. |
| Noll agt. Hassell | Elliott Sandford. |
| Egler agt. Reubel | Hiram Ketchum. |

*By Judge Patterson.*

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| Withpen agt. Withpen | Roderick F. Farrell. |
| Degraw agt. Ludden | G. Warren Greene. |
| Burchell agt. Osborne | Chas. H. Daniels. |

*Commissioners.*

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| Matter of Stewart | Wm. Irwin and Dr George W. Fowler. |

*By Judge Ingraham.*

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| Gibbons agt. De Saxe | Eugene S. Ives. |
| Lord agt. Atkinson | Augustus C. Brown. |

*By Judge Andrews.*

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| Ebbetts agt. New | Wm. N. Armstrong. |

SUPERIOR COURT.

*By Judge O'Gorman.*

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| Hutchinson agt. Chapman | George A. Halsey. |
| Happel agt. Happel | Wilbur Larremore. |
| Schulie agt. Mowbray | Gilbert M. Speir. |

COMMON PLEAS.

*By Judge Allen.*

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| Peine agt. Casey | John S. Derby. |
| Keogh agt. Andrews | Livingston. |
| Fiencke agt. Muller | Richard M. Henry. |
| The Mayor agt. Goldman | Gilbert M. Speir. Jr. |
| Bowery Saving Institution agt. Spaulding | Macgrane Coxe. |

*By Judge Bookstaver.*

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| Merritt agt. Cohen | Nelson Smith. |
| Matter of McNeill | Theo F. Bascall. |

# NEWS OF THE BALL PLAYERS

*AMATEUR CLUBS PREPARING FOR A LIVELY SEASON.*

**About the Brooklyn Club—Is the League Watching for a Chance to Down the Association?—Notes and Comments.**

It would be interesting to know just what was meant when President Day of the New York Club said, "It is just what the League would like to see them do," when asked about reviving the Metropolitan Club in this city. Mr. Day also said, "If they did put this club in New York city again it would break the national agreement." Can it be possible that the League is waiting for such a move on the part of the Association? It looks very much so. There is no doubt that the League would be only too glad to exchange Washington for Baltimore and Indianapolis for Cincinnati. The 50-cent admission charge by the Association this season will be watched very carefully by the League, and the cities that are found to pay under the increased admission will no doubt be found in the League another season. There is no question that the Association is very weak this season, owing to the fact that they have the Kansas City and Cleveland clubs on their hands. And the League would be only too glad to find some excuse for causing its downfall.

A League manager said the other day: "I don't think that the Metropolitan Club will come to life again. If it had been so intended there would have been no better time than the present. The Metropolitans would have been just as good if not better than the Kansas City Club, financially and otherwise."

Director Abell of the Brooklyn Club takes the right view of the Brooklyn Club's chances. He says: "I do not consider the Brooklyns pennant winners by any means. That they will not come in last I am sure of, and that is about the only thing any of my partners can consider as sure. I look at it this way. We have three sets of players, and the chances are that there will be some little feeling among them. Even if there is not we cannot hope to see them pull as smoothly together as if they had all played in the same team. The only thing to do is to wait and see just what they will do. The team may be a surprise to